

An Introduction to Moredun : Hugh ‘Hugo’ Lord

By

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Whom, to who it concerns,

“Gravity wave detected, Ion Drives and Flashpoint Memory activated!” the computers voice began through internally static speakers. The shape of the multiverse consumed with the Flood at the End was apparently non-static, a dynamic hue of all colours and all things, separated by a thin veil known as the *fog of war* or the Veil between Life and Death. The ship had been attacked; it was going downwards as though it were being pulled towards a gravity well. That was the moment Emperor was activated throughout every shipwide circuitry architecture computer capable of being upgraded wirelessly. It was the hardware that held his programming but the software that had created the most adaptable, self-learning artificial intelligence known to mankind in the form of a multi-tiered operating system. This operating system was known as Epicentre.

Epicentre usually operated in a sub-quantum operatic concert, as with all the computer systems aboard the ship, all with a view to controlling the most advanced ship in the universe. This ship held the entire global populous of the planet once known as Earth, prior to the implosion of the Earth’s sun. It was in the final phase of the implosion, in which a sequencer was counting down the final seconds until a quantum channeller would use the forward momentum of the event horizon to implode the remainder of the universe. The ship would then sail through the gravitational wave, taking everything in the known and unknown universe with it.

“The rippling wave could..” his sheepish voice continued, all so long ago. Emperor had started accessing memories of the living and of the dead through their ocular implants, which would ordinarily have been impossible were it not for containment systems and overflow failures. “.. it could be the sole cause of..” the young scientists voice was suddenly cut short.

“Enough talking about forward momentum to power a journey through event horizons. I’m not risking this ship or any of it’s inhabitants by navigating into an alternate dimension, bringing all of the universes matter with us.” causality of course was far from on the side of the computer systems faulty upgrade. Emperor, the same computer system that had become manifest as a machine as well as a quasi-sentient operating system that was becoming omnipresent in

every time frame, due to the coalescing nature of the mine field of inverse black hole's. The future and past were beginning to merge; without C.A.B.L.E's advanced navigation's sensor control mechanism, the two halves of the ship would steadily drift apart eternally.

The first wave of the Wardog's were preparing for a drop over the event horizon as a test to see whether they would still be able to return as had long been theorised using the new Star Engine technology. As men and women motioned to and fro, all of them in the standard white and grey uniforms from head to toe, the tension as to the current alert status was mounting. It was then that Sergeant Spears appeared from around the colossal hanger bay door with the number 3-21 emblazoned upon it.

"Officer on deck!" someone shouted as the men and women moved towards the centre of the hanger with a view to saluting whilst being appraised for speed and efficiency. Sergeant Spears was timing the men and women to see which specific group of men and women were of the fastest and highest of calibres with regards to their ability to stand in the same formation.

Depending on their distance from the centre of the hanger bay, some groups were finding it harder than most to organise themselves into formation. One group in particular was rushing towards the centre when, without any warning, the ship ripped in half, with an extremely energetic force rippling through every deck of the ship up until the safety doors and containment field activation. Anyone not wearing a helmet or a suit instantly died, frozen to death.

The *Wardog* code signature was a symbol of reliable engineering. Of weaponry of the highest class and calibre, conditioned to process unit after unit of ammunition. All this such that there would never be a point provided where you were able to phase in ammunition from an extra-spatial bunker on Earth at an unknown time period. That was of course whilst the dreams of Utopia and the now draconian use of the Daedalus Station Alpha. The only one of its kind in existence, a self contained planetary distribution of land and real estate in space with an extra solar entity as its main and only light and heat source as it journeys through space.

Nobody knew that the permanent contingent of space scientists, doctors, engineers, physicists and particle biologists, geo-chemists and so on and so forth who had been drafted as a result of their innate knowledge or skills would likely be the downfall of mankind. It was here at the Daedalus Station Alpha that the idea for Obsidian 21 and 22 had been created in the form of a vaccine and then distributed amongst the general populous of Daedalus Station Alpha through water channels and later through the air.

"The illness that resulted has caused widespread devastation to the station. If there is anyone out there I am trapped and require assistance. Repeat.." Hugh could hear his own voice but wasn't sure whether he was awake or not. He was in a daze and everything around him seemed blurry. He could hear the alarm of the medical facility still ringing, as with the smell and dust like taste within the thick foggy smoke in which, he attempted to lift an arm up. It was then that he heard the sound of one of them, disoriented, he couldn't tell whether it was within or outside of the biological exchange.

As he ran, he dropped the speaker of which, they were attracted to. It was then that the Flood appeared, showing themselves as a contagion in space, apparently working out how to create a non-linear temporal framework of zones, a map if you will, where they would guess where their prey would be in a matter of seconds or minutes. Apparently, they were playing a cat and mouse game with their food.

"If they lose you, don't stop running. Here, take this, and remember that they are not human any more hon.." He knew it would only be a matter of seconds before she had to start using the oscilloscopic frequency modulator. A few seconds after that he would be on his own.

"If you make it to the escape hatch, everything will be fine." Hugh carefully whispered a thought aloud, as he turned his back to his wife, Abigail.

"OK.. 3.. 2.. 1.. run!" Their focused attack was clear as one by one, every single one of them changed into the Flood, who of course looked like a nebula, a series of stars and expansions of gas and air in the heavens. Only with sharp claws and really big teeth, like a sabre tooth tiger only, with a human body. Somehow, they couldn't track either of them as a result of the signal emitters. But they could smell both of them as they released pheromones and adrenaline in their sweat. The perspiration was what they locked onto when one of them scratched Abigail as she ran. She wasn't going to make it alone.

Hugh had somehow managed the most acrobatic manoeuvre in which he defied the laws of gravity for all of a second to reach a switch on the ceiling with his foot. Thus he was now going to face the difference between air pressure and containment, as he flicked the switch which allowed the hanger bay to draw him and them all towards the great outdoors of space, he changed into one of them and began to motion as with them all towards her position in space.

It wasn't until she had reached the Wardogs who were laying in wait, that she realised the end of human civilisation was upon them. As she clambered into the escape hatch she closed the hatch door and instantly ejected herself before the Flood could follow her into the depths of a black hole. They tried, but space is a cold place.

Pangea, 42 million b.c

As she fell from the sky like an interstellar angel, she began to pass out due to the speed of the rotation of the escape pod, prior to the failure of the parachute, as it opened and slammed shut at speed. Abigail was holding on to her seatbelt up until the point when her body slumped on the ground. The escape hatch being jammed shut was now impenetrable. She was injured one second and then the next she was the flood and back again. The rest of them were gone. She couldn't find them. She was lost in time and space.

“Hugh! I believe we have been disabled..” the computer repeated for some time.

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The Temporal Council is in Session: Schedule 21A of the Third Court in Session

As per the evidence, as provided to the court in session, we may now begin with regards to the public inquiry as to the nature of public funds being spent on public institutions such that these same institutions are maintained for history in posterior. As may well have been deduced, it is far easier to assume that when willing defendants or groups of individuals gather together for the intended purposes of a riot, it has all the hallmarks of a peaceful protest with the support of the local policing services. Where there are no policing services, or fear that there is an inability to police without an ability to take down the very people of whom the police were set up to protect and to keep safe from violent and (or) negligent mistreatment. Where there was an overlap between police and ambulatory crews such as certain ambulance officers may well work as paralegals within a legal reporting team(?)

They each stood awaiting orders from the Sergeant the day before the disaster at Alpha Centauri which proved fatal to the vast majority of the ships crew. He knew somehow that something was going to go wrong, but Sergeant Spears carried on screeching and balling unawares as to the demarcations on the ground that pointed towards bollards of all shapes and sizes. These bollards of course were the points with which the viewing galley at the centre allowed for protection from escape velocities with regards to gravitational forces as well as providing air in toxic environments.

"I am your Commander-in-Authority and I expect.." one of the unusual klaxon programmes began to sound as the teams all ran to their posts. Someone must have been in trouble but their location was not known precisely.

"We have a distress signal for one, Professor Abigail Lord and a reconnaissance drone detail from.." his voice trailed off gently for all of a second. It was in that second that he received a classified file, a series of documents that may well have been crucial to his briefing towards the war effort.

As a result of the Flood, some of them were susceptible to the contagion that brought with it, sentient life from a parallel, but completely unconnected universe. A part of the multi-verse as it were. The Wardog's were all fired from the ship in space days before it had been ripped into half, and yet from her position within one of the lead Wardog's the Captain was unable to make heads or tails as the past, soon to be her distant future was slowly disappearing from view. That is to say, now that she was no longer travelling in one clear direction through time and space, she would be completely reliant on the C.A.B.L.E. co-operating system for navigation through what little was known of this void in space and time. This strange no man's land of deserted empty space.

"It's giving me the chills.." her voice echoed over the radio transmitter, but as her Wardog Exoskeleton Armour began to heat up from all the radiation, she began to panic as no sign of the rest of them appeared on the radar and navigations system.

As Abigail began to look up at the window which lay exposed, she realised that the window which was supposed to protect her from containment issues was broken. That was when she began to panic. She had already been down to the prehistoric Earth of yesteryear once too many times, and there was only so much of the smell of dinosaurs that she could stomach. They smelt awful.

They all lay dead. Every single one of them, all the dinosaurs remained still and unmoving.

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*[Transmission Broadcast : Bandwith Corrupted]
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